

equivalent for that liberating surge of "refinement," that poetic revival through correctness, which Boileau had credited to Malherbe. When 1683 Dryden supplied the corresponding English poets for Soame's

The occupiers and the occupied

Eugen Weber

André Halimi

La délation sous l'Occupation
312pp. Paris: Moreau. 79fr.
2 85209 005 8

Richard Cobb

French and Germans, Germans and French: A personal interpretation of France under two occupations

188pp. University Press of New England (available in the UK through International Book Distributors). £10.95.
0 87451 225 5

In 1942, to reward the population of Dieppe for their "correct" attitude during the Allied raid on the town, the Germans decided to release the French prisoners from the area whom they held in their camps. The news set off a trickle of visits to the local Kommandantur, from Dieppeois eager to denounce their husbands' Communist or other affiliations, real or imagined, in order to avoid homecomings that might trouble the alternative arrangements they had made in their absence.

This is not a story that André Halimi tells; but he does provide a long record of equally nauseating denunciations. During the years 1940-44, we are told that the French sent between 3 and 5 million poison-pen letters, many of them signed (a few are reproduced here in a nineteen-page appendix), to the French or German authorities, informing against Jews, masons, Gaullists, defeatists, anglophiles, résistants, or black marketeers. They accused neighbours, workmates, employers, lovers and relatives. Wives reached on husbands, mothers on sons, siblings on each other, administrators on administrators, concierges on locataires, parishioners on curés, lawyers, doctors, pharmacists and shopkeepers on competitors.

They sought revenge, vented envy or spite, acted on principle, or pursued gain—rewards could range from a few hundred francs to ten thousand or more. Some tried to recapture or punish an errant husband. Some hoped for an apartment, or for a business boost. Some presumably enjoyed the exhilaration of power, or the fun of inflicting pain. Unfortunately, Halimi makes no attempt to analyse motives, let alone local traditions (denunciations and *lettres anonymes* seem to have spread in many places along with literacy). Clouzot's film *Le Corbeau* is never mentioned, nor are the explosive tensions of French family life. Some *délateurs*, of course, simply did their job as agents, informers, or miliciens. Among these professionals one must not forget the journalists who denounced Jews, alleged résistants and others they disliked, in articles guaranteed to bring a visit from the Milice, if not from the Gestapo. "Is n'en mourraient pas tous, mais tous étaient frappés." And the Resistance soon learned to respond in kind, in its publications and, more effectively, its London broadcasts.

Though the media were more visible and audible, while the telephone in France was scarce, *underdeveloped* mass media, some letters were deliberately suppressed, by uncensored postmen, and more ignored by disgusted Germans, especially when unsigned. But most denunciations produced action that could lead to arrest, deportation, eventually death. They were meant to do so, as with the wife of a Resistance leader, who denounced him on condition that he should not survive. Halimi's final chapter lists about 150 post-war trials out of the 125,000 cases investigated after the liberation, including two of Jews, one of whom worked for the Gestapo, the other for Darmand's Milice.

This is not a very good book on an unsavoury subject. It does not indicate its basic sources, and gives the impression of having been put together largely with scissors and paste. It also errs in suggesting that Jews in the Unoccupied Zone wore the yellow star: they did not, but their identity

papers, marked JEW, were harder to discard than a piece of cloth. *La Délation* does, however, provide an extended footnote to Michael Marrus and Robert Paxton's book on *Vichy France and the Jews*, confirming the resentment evoked by Jewish refugees visible in hotels and cafés, apparently driving up rents and prices, inciting the black market by their lack of ration-cards, dallying away their time (what else were they to do?), spending money freely (because forced to do so).

In this connection, Cuvanna's autobiographical *Les Russkoffs* notes that in 1943 ordinary people envied the fate of Jews and political prisoners "qui, pensionnaires, se prélassaient à ne rien faire dans leurs camps de concentration avec plantes vertes et terrains de golf". Refugees, or evacuees, are *dénoncés* almost by definition, targets of resentment not only as strangers but also as idlers, or else as unwanted competitors in the market for employment or goods. Exceptional circumstances offered exceptional opportunities to bare vexation and spite.

It would be interesting to know how French behaviour in this respect compared with that of other occupied peoples and, indeed, with that of Germans or Russians in the face of their own régimes. Was civic spirit particularly weak in France, was the odour of anarchy, so strong in 1940, exceptionally potent? Or, on the contrary, was self-deception encouraged by civic appeals, so that, after 1944 as before it, high principles could accommodate base ends and baser means? Halimi reminds us that, in China (as in Iran) today, délation is regarded as a civic obligation. He does not point out that, in 1940-42 at least, many French could have regarded it in a similar light. After all, denouncing a criminal is a virtuous act, uncovering enemies of the nation a civic duty, at least since the Terror, except perhaps in those particular communities—Protestant in the Cévennes, White around Choleat—where discretion and survival have long gone hand in hand. Historical tradition informs social attitudes. They, again, terms like *délation* (*teulriche*) or *dénonciation* (*teulriche*) do not turn comfortably into English, and trip awkwardly once translated. Does that suggest a culture more receptive to the tale-bearer and the sneak than that of the Anglo-Saxons? Or was the impotent rage born of defeat and despair especially acute in France, and were displacement activities focused on exposed, vulnerable targets—particularly widespread? Did *cris de conscience* exacerbate existing velleities, mistrust and envy, malice and spite, or merely reveal them?

Some of the questions Halimi does not raise and others that his narrower focus does not touch, are brought up in Richard Cobb's presentation of relations between occupiers and occupied, not only in 1940-45, but in 1914-18 as well—a period which has received next to no attention. The familiarity born of constant rubbing against each other, of shared conditions of simple human (and sexual) relationships, tends to be forgotten. Cobb recaptures it with compassion and sympathy in a chapter on the department of the Nord. He imagines how the German soldiers, who arrived in 1940, saw the situation of the twenty-one SS men finally tried at Bordeaux in 1953 for the massacres of Oradour, were sketches the peculiar situation of the north-eastern regions, doubly slogging through two German occupations, and their frustrated children were often treated with suspicion and known as "les boches du nord".

Despite such treatment, not entirely exceptional in a country much more fragmented than it likes to admit, and much given to casting aspersions on natives of one province or another, the north-east remained almost impervious to Vichy influence. The may have been because the old hearted *chefs de famille* (or *chefs de famille*) was more in evidence there than the very first, or because the

German military authorities, with possible annexation in mind, kept Vichy's representatives powerless and Vichy propaganda muted. It may have been due to the region's long-standing anglophile traditions (Cobb reminds us that Rimbaud was the second French town, after Le Havre, to found a soccer club, introduced in 1877 by two Yorkshire textile engineers). The fact is that, to the north-easters, both war and occupation were far more real—and not just because de Gaulle was a Lillois and his wife a Calaisienne, but, after all, Pétain was also an *ancien du pays*. It was simply that, as Cobb points out, patriotism came easily to a frontier region always the first in experience the effects of war and invasion. For north-easters, as for Lorrainers, the practical reality and its moral concomitants were much clearer than for Auvergnais or Languedociens.

The second German occupation, of course, is hardly unexceptional. But, again, Cobb directs attention to topics normally wrapped in decent obscurity, like the role of the police—and, one should add, of the *gendarmes*—a subject that has also been treated like a Victorian family secret, known to all about which mum's the word. In films about the liberation of Paris, the last-minute somersault of the law's guardians, what Cobb calls "the carefully staged police mummy in August 1944", is treated as the heroic centrepiece of events. Again, Cuvanna places it in better perspective when he describes the riotous rendition of prisoners, *déportés* and STO workers, repatriated from Germany, parked in the giant Gaumont-Palace, and treated to a film in which the men in blue who

had turned most of them over to the Germans were presented as heroes of the liberation. "L'impression", Nabokov's French-born critic in *Maniche*, "Associated history of the French police is lying out to be written, but it will have to wait a while."

Thanks in part to Henri Ammon and Henri Michel, we know more about that collaboration of which cohabitation was a part, and which often came down to a business relationship profitable to both parties—not just in industry, the black market, on the pedestrian front or on the fringes of the criminal world, but in innumerable numerous affairs among the middle class. Cobb draws on all this to talk of many everyday things, including the members of the SS *Châtelineau* Division for whom Hitler was "le Grand Jefe", but he might have said more about the two million French prisoners in Germany, many of whom found a cosy billet, or even a home on a farm, and the thousands of STO volunteers, who found a job that paid in German factories, when work and *snus* at home were hard to come by.

To Cobb, for whom marginality is central and politically trivial concerns play the major role, as they do in life, such matters matter. He shows how occupier and occupied adjusted to each other where they had to, and largely ignored each other over great stretches of France where, almost until the end, the German presence remained unobtrusive. He reminds us of the normality of much everyday life: of the relief so many shared, and out which Vichy hoped, that the youth of France could live at home—at least till 1943—

In the dropping zone

Neil Cameron

NORMAN LONGMATE

The Bombers: The RAF Offensive against Germany, 1939-1945
416pp. Hutchinson. £12.95.
0 09 151580 7

Bomber Command's assault on Europe will continue to be discussed and criticized by historians for the foreseeable future. It was a historic episode. Forty years and more after the 1,000-bomber raid on Cologne it is easy to sit back and criticize the success or otherwise of such operations. What is missing from the work of most military historians, however, is the factor of wartime confusion and the tensions and pressures under which politicians and military commanders had to work and make decisions. There was also the demand of the British public for revenge attacks, or at least for some sort of reprisal for the aggression which Germany had inflicted on Europe.

Government policy in the 1930s had starved the armed forces of the degree of financial support needed to equip them to face up to the growing strength of Germany. It is interesting to speculate whether Hitler would have been deterred if this support had been available, so that forces of comparable size and efficiency to his own had been available to him. The German Command did not have the funds to prepare properly for war.

The wartime head of Bomber Command, Sir Arthur Harris, has always maintained that "the customer is always right", and has quoted statements by German leaders bearing witness to the effectiveness of Bomber Command's raids. Even shortly before his recent death, Speer for example, maintained that "German war production was fatally affected by both the day and night attacks".

Another major effect achieved by the bombing assault by British and American air forces, and one often overlooked by historians, was the gain in morale and confidence of the superior power Europe and the seas. The German Command, however, was completely unbalanced as the assault developed. German factories were driven more and more into manufacturing aircraft

for defence and even the first jet and rocket aircraft were deployed in defence on the Führer's orders. The Luftwaffe's attack capability was largely neglected, which meant that Allied land, sea and air operations were virtually unhindered by air attacks. The minimal casualties incurred in the eventual crossing of the Rhine being a prime example. This achievement of air superiority was perhaps the most important factor in making Allied victory possible.

Harris claims (rightly in my view) that, apart from the question of air superiority, Bomber Command was also the most important single element in the land and sea fighting. On land who knows what forces Rostek and Schmidt would have mustered against the Allied landings had it not been for the sustained bombing attacks on railroads, transportation targets on routes leading to the invasion areas? (Harris was not involved in being given this task, believing that his area-bombing was more likely to produce results; but he carried out his duties loyally.) On the maritime side, the "fleet in being" apart from a few important exceptions, was confined largely to Scapa Flow. The fact is that the mining operations and attacks on German submarine bases carried out by Bomber Command sank many ships and destroyed more submarines than the Royal Navy did.

There were other important effects too. Speer pointed to the fact that the bombing of factories in Germany deprived the German army on all fronts of 50 per cent of its anti-tank guns, and those guns which also had an anti-aircraft capability were dispersed to defend a wide variety of targets within Germany itself. Some of the million fit soldiers were deployed away from full combat duties, while hundreds of thousands of skilled tradesmen were not called up because they were required to repair bomb damage. Speer goes on to suggest that if this manpower and capability had been released for, say, the Russian front, the result of the war could have been very different.

Bomber Command's unreadiness to meet its task at the outbreak of war must be laid most particularly at the door of politicians and of Treasury officials. Nevertheless, the Air Staff did a great deal to provide, except perhaps for the intervention with Harris himself,

the operational control of the bomber force left at the disposal of the Führer, and realistic training exercises have been devised under operational conditions. Essential research and development in bombing tactics and techniques were carried out. A distinguished series of descriptions of the pre-war situation:

We had inadequate training for air reserves, the crews were inexperienced, the aircraft they had were opportunities for long-term formation bombing were inadequate facilities for the adequate training of the crew. Bomber Command was a small unit, and was for a time expected by its family to take orders. He didn't do so, but he was strongly influenced by the distrust of liberalism and socialism that prevailed among his co-religionists, and he never lost deeply rooted aversion to materialistic philosophies. During his legal studies, which he pursued at the Universities of Berlin, Munich and Strassburg in the years before the Great War, he had equally negative feelings about the prevalence of positivism in legal thought and, while at Strassburg, was strongly influenced by the ideas of neo-Kantianism, whose great exponent there was Wilhelm Windelband.

Schmitt's first essays were impregnated with the view that politics must be responsive to a higher law and that religious conviction and nationalism, morality and power were not irreconcilable opposites but could be integrated harmoniously.

All of this he abandoned, as thoroughly as Rönne had jettisoned his liberalism as a result of the military collapse and the revolution of 1918. His change of attitude became apparent for the first time in 1919 with the publication of his essay *Politische Romanik*, in which he not only rejected the romantic tradition because of its tendency to focus on possibility rather than actuality, its emphasis on "form" rather than substance, and its privatization of experience, but advanced the argument that speculation and discussion—the alien talkiness of the academics—was alien to politics, which consisted in the ability to make decisions. This last idea he elaborated in different ways in *Die Diktatur*

with Harris himself,

Decision, not discussion

Gordon A. Craig

JOSEPH W. BENDERSKY

Carl Schmitt: Theorist For The Reich
320pp Guildford: Princeton University Press.
0 691 09395 4

In 1853, in his *Grundzüge der Realpolitik*, a work that added a new term to the vocabulary of politics, Ludwig August von Rochau wrote, "The discussion of the question, Who should rule, whether law, wisdom, virtue, whether an individual or the few or the many, this question belongs to the realm of philosophical speculation; practical politics is concerned primarily only with the simple fact that it is only power that can rule. To rule is to wield power, and only he can wield power who possesses it."

Rochau was one of the not inconsiderable number of German liberals who, after the failure of the revolution of 1848, threw all of their former principles overboard and convinced themselves that the time had come to face up to the hard facts of political life. Like most of them, he became, after some initial hesitation, an ardent follower of Bismarck; and in 1869, in an essay on "Political Idealism and Reality," in the expanded version of his treatise, he made this abundantly clear. "Statecraft," he wrote, "is nothing else than the art of success, applied to specific objectives of the State," adding in a contemptuous aside, "The use of the term 'success' will immediately cause a howl of moral indignation in certain party camps, but this kind of protest merely reveals the complete political futility of the spirit from which it comes."

In the century that followed the publication of these views, Rochau had many followers in Germany, but perhaps none as unconditional in his acceptance of them and as willing to follow them to their most extreme consequences as Carl Schmitt, the political scientist of the Weimar Republic and, equally, one of the first of his leading intellectuals to declare allegiance to Hitler after the Führer assumed power in January 1933, and to defend and, indeed, justify all of Hitler's subsequent actions.

A Rhinelander by birth and the son of lower-middle-class parents of modest means, Schmitt grew up in a highly Roman Catholic milieu, and his uncle was a priest and had played a prominent part in the *Kulturkampf*, and was for a time expected by his family to take orders. He didn't do so, but he was strongly influenced by the distrust of liberalism and socialism that prevailed among his co-religionists, and he never lost deeply rooted aversion to materialistic philosophies. During his legal studies, which he pursued at the Universities of Berlin, Munich and Strassburg in the years before the Great War, he had equally negative feelings about the prevalence of positivism in legal thought and, while at Strassburg, was strongly influenced by the ideas of neo-Kantianism, whose great exponent there was Wilhelm Windelband.

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(1921), in *Politische Theologie* (1922)—a short book on sovereignty and the state of exception in which he argued that in concrete situations the crucial question is not "What is the law?" but "Who decides?" and concluded that he who decides is sovereign—in *Die geistesgeschichtliche Lage des heutigen Parlamentarismus* (1923), an attack upon parliamentary government as "a poor façade covering the rule by parties and vested economic interests," and especially in his influential book *Der Begriff des Politischen* (1928).

In this last work, Schmitt declared that all politics can be reduced to the ability to distinguish between friend and enemy, that the State, if it is not to abrogate its sovereignty, must be able to make that distinction in foreign and domestic politics and to act upon it, without regard to moral or normative considerations, and that the attempts of traditional liberalism to transform political conflict into economic competition or public discussion merely "deprived State and politics of their specific meaning."

It was with this intellectual baggage that Schmitt became a defender of the presidential governments that governed, or tried to govern, Germany after the collapse of the Mueller cabinet in 1930. But his long fascination with the problem of the emergency situation and with the forms of dictatorship that it produced prevented him from being shocked or alienated when a real dictator came to power in Germany. Schmitt's theories were admirably suited to justify any kind of authority and it wasn't long before they were being used to defend not only Hitler's Enabling Act and the murders of the Night of the Long Knives but the Führer's ambitions in eastern Europe and his outrages against the Jews as well.

In his interesting new book on Schmitt, Joseph Bendersky does not for a minute condone any of these activities. He makes it clear that his protagonist compromised himself for the sake of protection, self-preservation, and public attention, that for a considerable time he profited from his privileged position as a protégé of Hermann Goering and his status as Prussian state councillor, professor in Berlin, and director of the National Socialist University Teachers Group, and that, when the whole edifice of the Third Reich came tumbling down, he was not really ashamed of his part in it, cheerfully describing his conduct as the result of a personal weakness and himself as a mere scholar who couldn't be held legally responsible for the consequences of what he had written.

All of this Bendersky says, written "repentance" and reveals "a personality weak as far as moral principles are concerned." But even now, he argues, it cannot be claimed, as some have done, that Schmitt paved the way for the Nazis or shared their ideological beliefs, and his actions after 1933 should not be allowed to overshadow the earlier aspects of his life and thought. What has been needed, he writes, is a systematic examination of the relationship between Schmitt's ideas and the changing political circumstances that he confronted.

This Bendersky has endeavoured to provide, and, although one may disagree with his conclusions, it cannot be denied that he gives a very persuasive picture of Schmitt as a scholar who, with a greater sense of responsibility than most of his university colleagues in the Weimar years, applied political problems and, sooner and more incisively than most observers, appreciated the real weaknesses of the constitutional system—the lack of a fundamental consensus, a bureaucratized party system that made the formation of governments difficult and their tenure brief, and a parliament that was losing the support of the people because it provided neither genuine discussion of national issues nor energetic attempts to deal with them.

In supporting the presidential governments of Brüning, Papen and Schleicher, Schmitt was, in Bendersky's opinion, seeking to legitimize the only means of saving the Weimar Republic that had any promise

of success—freeing the State from the fetters of *Parteiwirtschaft* so that it could deal with the enemies of the constitution, the Communists on the one hand and the Nazis on the other. The key figure in developing a strategy to attain this objective was, in Schmitt's view, General Kurt von Schleicher, whose political outlook he had admired; and—in ways that are described here in rich and satisfying detail—he supported the general's activities with his pen from the time of the formation of the Brüning government until the final collapse of Schleicher's grand design in January 1933. During this time, breaches of constitutional law—like Papen's *Preussenschlag* of July 20, 1932—did not concern him greatly, for Bendersky writes, "A true defender of the constitution must, he stated repeatedly, distinguish friend from enemy and take necessary measures, including the temporary suspension of certain parts of the constitution, to ensure that anti-constitutional parties did not acquire the legal reins of power." Thus, he was bitterly disappointed when President von Hindenburg refused Schleicher's request in late January 1933 for a declaration of emergency, a banning of the Nazi and Communist parties, a dissolution of the Reichstag, and a grant to the general of extraordinary powers. In choosing Hitler to succeed Schleicher, Hindenburg had, in Schmitt's opinion, failed in his responsibility to the constitution and invited its subversion.

Yet, when he heard of Hitler's appointment as Chancellor, Schmitt wrote in his diary that he was "irritated, and yet somehow relieved at least, a decision." And this equanimity makes us doubt whether he was as dedicated a defender of the constitution as Bendersky would have us believe. It never seems to have occurred to Schmitt that there might be other ways of supporting the republic than those that he and Schleicher devised. There is no mention here, for instance, of Minister President Otto Braun's suggestion to Brüning of a linkage between the Reich government and the democratic government of Prussia, with the Prussian Minister President serving as Vice Chancellor, a proposal that might have re-vitalized the failing democracy but was hastily vetoed by Hindenburg, doubtless with Schleicher's (and perhaps Schmitt's) approval. It is hard to believe that Schmitt had any enthusiasm for a revival of the republic in a form that could have been approved by the liberal and democratic parties. It is not easy, indeed, to reject Christian Graf von Krockow's view that the logic of his thought always tended toward dictatorship because he believed that the essence of politics was to be found in those exceptional moments that transcended the bounds of tradition, law and morality. Decisions, which, as he said in *Politische Theologie*, were "normatively seen, born out of nothingness (*aus dem Nichts*)", and could in practical terms come only from the existential will of someone

wielding arbitrary power. To anyone who believes in natural law and popular sovereignty, this kind of thinking must, as Ernst Troeltsch said in a famous lecture, seem to be nothing but a mixture of mysticism and brutality, and it leads one to suspect that Schmitt's repudiation of romanticism in 1919 was not as definitive as he seemed to think. Certainly he had some common traits with neo-romantic thinkers of the Weimar period like Wilhelm Stapel and Ernst Jünger, with whom he was sometimes associated: a hatred of the Enlightenment and all its works, a belief that action was more important than reflection, a tendency to see the State in mystical terms rather than pragmatically and to personify it at the expense of its components, and, finally, the idealization of the exceptional at the expense of the normal, which led him to talk about the state of emergency as a situation in which "the power of real life breaks through the shell of a mechanism that has been hardened by repetition."

If there is anything in this, then the last phase of Schmitt's life was at least logical. In his book on romanticism, he wrote, "Everything romantic stands in the service of unromantic ends." This described his own fate. He went willingly to the Nazis, and they used him to give a gloss of legality to their crimes while that still seemed important to them. When that ceased to be true, they cast him aside as someone whose *quisquillies* were alien to the spirit of the New Order that they were creating.

Building up the party

F. L. Carsten

PETER D. STACHURA

Gregor Strasser and the Rise of Nazism
178pp. Allen and Unwin. £12.50.
0 04 943027 0

PETER D. STACHURA (Editor)

The Nazi Machtergreifung
191pp. Allen and Unwin. £12.50.
0 04 943026 2

For many years before 1933 Gregor Strasser was the second most important leader of the National Socialist Party, and during the five crucial years from 1928 to 1933 he was in charge of party organization. It was thanks to party organization that the Nazis became an efficient instrument and the "seizure of power" a practical possibility. All of this Bendersky says, written "repentance" and reveals "a personality weak as far as moral principles are concerned." But even now, he argues, it cannot be claimed, as some have done, that Schmitt paved the way for the Nazis or shared their ideological beliefs, and his actions after 1933 should not be allowed to overshadow the earlier aspects of his life and thought. What has been needed, he writes, is a systematic examination of the relationship between Schmitt's ideas and the changing political circumstances that he confronted.

This Bendersky has endeavoured to provide, and, although one may disagree with his conclusions, it cannot be denied that he gives a very persuasive picture of Schmitt as a scholar who, with a greater sense of responsibility than most of his university colleagues in the Weimar years, applied political problems and, sooner and more incisively than most observers, appreciated the real weaknesses of the constitutional system—the lack of a fundamental consensus, a bureaucratized party system that made the formation of governments difficult and their tenure brief, and a parliament that was losing the support of the people because it provided neither genuine discussion of national issues nor energetic attempts to deal with them.

In supporting the presidential governments of Brüning, Papen and Schleicher, Schmitt was, in Bendersky's opinion, seeking to legitimize the only means of saving the Weimar Republic that had any promise

This is confirmed by a perusal of the 1925 draft programme, with its "hereditary" wages in kind, compulsory guilds and corporations, the participation of public authorities in private enterprises. The original programme of the National Socialist Party contained many equally nebulous, utopian demands, and both were far removed from any real socialism.

The other principal point advanced by the book concerns Strasser's views in 1932. In Stachura's interpretation Strasser had come "to distrust and finally detest the unacceptable face of Hitlerian National Socialism" and "was really aligned with a neo-conservative nationalist outlook which put country before party." It is true that by 1932 Strasser had many links with neo-conservative nationalist groups, especially with the *Takretis* (named after its journal, *Die Tot*), and that he had been a member of the *Freikorps* and a right-wing politician, such as General von Schleicher's own views. In public, until the break with Hitler, he continued to propagate National Socialist ideas, including a violent anti-Semitism, although Stachura argues that he did not accept the "violent, biologically inspired racist anti-Semitism of Hitler." The 1925 draft programme—very much like the original party programme—wanted to deprive all German Jews of their citizenship and thus would have destroyed the economic existence of most of them. Stachura himself mentions Strasser's frequent "outbursts" against the Jews (and many others) which resulted in "a long spell of court cases" and short spells of imprisonment.

At the end of his book Stachura writes: "Strasser had fought for, rather different kind of Germany, strong, respected, proletarian. He fantasized, destructive, toward the end of his life Strasser had become, the very opposite of his earlier years, no longer a fanatic but tolerant and constructive. And there is no real evidence for this, and it would imply a radical change of opinion within a short time. It seems too good to be true."

The small volume on *The Nazi Machtergreifung* edited by Stachura is oddly named, for it contains not a single essay on the "Seizure of Power"—which surely would have been worth discussing fifty years after the momentous event. The book contains ten essays on different aspects of early Nazi history, including the rise of National Socialism (three by Stachura and seven by other historians), on women, youth, the industrialists, the

army, the academics, the churches and their attitudes to the rise of Hitler.

Particularly interesting is the essay by Dick Geary on the industrial elite. It stresses that by 1932 most of the leading industrialists—like so many other parts of the German establishment—were prepared to tolerate a coalition between the German Nationalists and the National Socialists and were firm opponents of the political system of the Weimar Republic. Even earlier, the majority of the industrialists aimed at the abolition of the eight-hour day and mandatory arbitration in labour conflicts: the great gains of the working class from 1918-19. They wanted to become "masters in their own house" once again, without interference from trade unions or factory councils, and confidently expected a right-wing government to dismantle the social achievements of the republic.

Interesting, too, is Michael Geyer on the Reichswehr, who emphasizes that the army's main aim was rearmament and the regaining of military strength. Geyer claims that by 1930 the German officer corps had become "remarkably bourgeois", yet in 1931 nineteen generals out of a total of thirty-four were noblemen, as were about 24 per cent of all officers, at a time when the German nobility numbered 0.14 per cent of the total population. Giff Stephenson finds that women only formed 7.8 per cent of the membership of the National Socialist Party when Hitler became chancellor and that in elections fewer women voted National Socialist than men, at least in areas for which we possess separate figures. But in Bavaria as well as in Cologne the percentage of male and female National Socialist voters tended to equality by March 1933.

John Conway discusses the role of the Protestant and Catholic churches which (like the army) formed a "state within the state" and rejected the revolution of 1918 and its results. The Protestant lay synods were even more right-wing than the church hierarchy, and there was also an important group of Protestant theologians who preached *politisch* ideology and anti-Semitism. In Conway's opinion, it was above all the longing for a strong leader and for a national revival along authoritarian lines which made the rise of National Socialism possible, especially in the Protestant parts of Germany. The volume provides food for thought and will be welcome to students and many others interested in the rise of a fascist mass movement.

Un-American to All-American

S. S. Prawer

ELIA KAZAN

The Anatolian
436pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £7.95.
0340330759

THOMAS H. PAULY

An American Odyssey: Elia Kazan and American Culture
282pp. with black and white illustrations. Philadelphia: Temple University Press. \$29.95.
0877222967

The cinema is dark, and so is the screen; all we hear is a pleasant speaking voice: "My name is Elia Kazan. I am Greek by blood, a Turk by birth, and an American because my uncle made a journey." The film which opens in this way is called *America*, and so is the novel based on the same material, written by the director himself; the central figure of both is modelled on the uncle who made the journey and who here appears under the name of Stavros Topouzoglou. Where *America* shows how the journey from Anatolia to the USA came to be made, Kazan's novel, *The Anatolian*, shows how Stavros claims his way to some business success in his first ten years in the new country. We watch him perform many roles in the society to which he comes as an eager stranger: assistant in a large firm of rug-importers and founder of a small one; redoubtable head of a family struggling out of poverty; an immigrant who adapts to the American way without ever losing the consciousness that he does not feel at home; a man proud of his origins who yet shrinks from the dark proletarian type he himself represents (whose very body-smells he abhors) and who desires a woman of a quite different type and class.

"American girls with golden hair, goddammit!" Conscious that his unlovely physical appearance can be redeemed in the eyes of the women he desires, by his strong sexuality, he has a love-hate relationship with the blonde and blue-eyed ones, with the WASPs who, as he says at one point, got to America first and therefore own it; an observation which elicits the reply: "This country belongs to anyone who takes it." And so we watch him make his way, alienated, lusting, out to get the other man before the other gets him, and take our leave of him at the end of the First World War, about to revisit Anatolia to make the business deal of his life as an "unredeemed" Anatolian at heart. The book, we note, is dedicated to "The Unredeemed".

As a novel, *The Anatolian* is no better, and no worse than dozens of other lengthy fictions which draw on the American Dream for a sort of tale of upward mobility. What makes *Stavros* a novel is a reasonable alternative title: It reads like a book talked on to a tape-recorder and licked into shape by some practised New York editor; the relentless staccato of its short-breathed claims catches the reader along, lurching occasionally into newspaper editorial English or into a passionate rant, but only once - in a humorous description of Grisco-Turkish food offering anything in the way of stylistic distinction. Much of the book consists in simplified

repeated the novel has derives in the past from the fact that it is by Elia Kazan, and that it represents a kind of autobiographical impulse which has motivated as much of his work. First as an actor, then as a theatre-director, then as a director of films, he continued to work for the New York stage and who, in the process, became more and more a part of the shaping of plays and films; and finally a novelist who is clearly working his way towards shedding the disguise of fiction in favour of an actual, acknowledged, autobiography. Stavros's obsession with the blonde and blue-eyed ones throws fresh light on the distinctive use Kazan has always made of fat-haired actresses with an outward reserve and an inner fire that could serve to warm, inspire - and console - his male protagonists; Deborah Kerr, Eva



A tense moment early in Kazan's career; he is flanked here by Frank McHugh and James Cagney in *City for Conquest*, 1941. The picture is taken from *Movies of the Fifties*, edited by Ann Lloyd.

Marie Saint, Julie Harris, Kim Stanley, Barbara Bel Geddes, spring immediately to mind. Fernand Sarrafian, the successful rug merchant and dubious father-figure of *The Anatolian*, talks on occasions like Big Daddy in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, while Stavros again and again appears to merge the characters Marlon Brando played in *On the Waterfront* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Stavros constantly remembers the lessons he learnt as a *hamlet*, a worker on the Turkish waterfront, at the mercy of stovetop bosses in the ways of American business, we cannot but recall Kazan's greatest stage success, his production of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. How well Willy Loman would have understood what Sarrafian impresses on Stavros! "The first thing a salesman has to sell," he tells him at one point, "is himself. After that, it's easy." When, in the course of *The Anatolian*, a potential informer is killed before he can betray secrets ("He'd have given names when he was tortured"), we remember not only *On the Waterfront*, but also the self-justifying impulse behind that movie, which attempted to make a hero out of a man who "named names" as Kazan had done when he appeared as a "friendly witness" before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. And when we hear Fernand Sarrafian, who becomes more and more the *rehabilitator* of Kazan's new novel, declare himself astonished to find Stavros's convictions change into the opposite of what they were before, adding: "It seems that the

in *Golden Boy*, where the corrupt world of boxing serves as a metaphor for the Capitalist Way of Life. As he changes from actor to director he soon displays a rare talent for generating theatrical excitement, and an uncanny gift for conjuring electrifying performances out of a wide variety of actors' and actresses. These gifts accompany him to the cinema too, where he immediately shows a feeling for a very different medium by directing Peggy Ann Garner in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* in such a way that "performance" takes second place to a "look" that the camera is uniquely fitted to capture. The result, as Pauly rightly says, is a "fragile image of innocent delight and adult concern" which no-one who has seen this delicate film will ever forget and which was sadly missed in the BBC's recent series *Hollywood's Children*. Thus began a film-career which would help to bring out the potential of many established actors and launch others on distinguished careers of their own - Marlon Brando, James Dean, Lee Remick and Lea J. Cobb first achieved fame in films directed by Kazan. He had disagreements with some of his players - notably with Vivien Leigh, whose acting style he so meaningfully pitted against that of Brando in *A Streetcar Named Desire*; but actors who worked with him seldom failed to sense his sympathetic understanding of their problems and his genius for resolving them. One has only to glance through the pages of Michael Clement's *Kazan on Kazan* to convince oneself of how much thought he gave to his actors and actresses, or through Jay Leyda's

response to his direction and encouragement. Pauly has had Kazan's co-operation in writing his book, and he is properly respectful of his subject - but that does not keep him from his analysis. He is as appalled by some of the social and political implications of *On the Waterfront* as Lindsay Anderson, from whose famous onslaught on Kazan he takes his cue. He acknowledges the obvious, stylized, and fundamentally conformist *1941*, and its production by Kazan as a "prop drama", as Pauly says, "a film that was made to be made, a film that was made to be made, a film that was made to be made." He also, at times, confesses Kazan's intention to use his performance. When he tells us, for instance, that the Catholic priest in *On the Waterfront* is "driven by a self-loathing wish to help others", he is surely describing the script rather than Kazan's own performance of the priest. Malden's angry eyes and desperate

theatre. Pauly's narrative keeps us constantly alive to the social and political forces that moulded Kazan's art, which thus becomes a *symptom* of its times; but he also demonstrates, through analyses of screenplays and their evolution, of narrative structure, of camera work and of performances, that Kazan has had much to contribute to the art of the cinema and the theatre. His drive for approval and consequent need to work at all costs - even at the cost of numbing nuances which the HUAC knew in any case - is closely related to that impulse for self-expression which made it impossible for him to contemplate being driven into silence and exile like the more stubborn Hollywood Ton, and which has given so distinctive a note to all his best work. Even his undistinguished novels may yet be "redeemed" (in use as a metaphor central to *The Anatolian*) if they turn out, as I believe they will, to be but forefinger exercises in preparation for an exceptionally interesting autobiography.

Pauly's justifiable concentration on Kazan's own work and his immediate social context occasionally makes him lose sight of his place in the evolution of the cinema. He fails, for instance, to relate *Boomerang* to Fritz Lang's *Pursued*, to which it forms an obvious pendant; or, at times, like a conscious reworking of *Pursued* in the new Louis de Rochemont style. He is also, occasionally, a little too respectful of Kazan's earlier utterances, as when he quotes, with implied approval, such dicta as: "I want to make folk movies, not folkie movies. Ode to a doctor, but no one had discovered America. This was said in 1947, a quarter of a century after *Cruze's The Covered Wagon*, when John Ford had already been "discovering America" for some thirty years. One might even say that there is more authentic American "folk movie" in Jean Renoir's *The Southerner* than there is in Kazan's entire output. Pauly compounds this with occasional nonsense of his own: if Archibald MacLeish's stylized and fundamentally conformist *1941*, and its production by Kazan as a "prop drama", as Pauly says, "a film that was made to be made, a film that was made to be made, a film that was made to be made." He also, at times, confesses Kazan's intention to use his performance. When he tells us, for instance, that the Catholic priest in *On the Waterfront* is "driven by a self-loathing wish to help others", he is surely describing the script rather than Kazan's own performance of the priest. Malden's angry eyes and desperate

one that this priest is driven by private, interior motives which have little to do with altruism, while Pauly succeeds in placing the much-criticized final sequence of *The Waterfront* in critical perspective, he neglects to mention that the image, the image on which the film leaves us, is the reverse of liberalism, of course, the image of an American which clings behind the scenes, back to work. The implications of the image for Pauly's interpretation of the central work in the Kazan case of one day have to be made explicit.

I must also admit to my disappointment at Pauly's failure to mention the one film by Kazan, I like most people in this country, never seen: *The Visitors*, scripted by Kazan's son Chris and photographed in 16 mm stock by Nick Trovati, cameraman of Barbara Luddy's *Wanda*. Runnym has it that it is an embodiment of Kazan's reaction to a Vietnam war; and if that is so, then some account of it would have seemed essential in a book explicitly dedicated, as this indicates, to a discussion of Kazan's involvement with America culture.

Manny Farber, in a hatchling has become almost as famous as Kazan in Kazan's republic. Linbury Anderson's condensed film-version of *A Streetcar Named Desire* for its "frankish and almost babyish level in simulation" and, as Pauly says, "a complaint of the 'Kazan-style' brass knuckles" which made it incapable of "teaching any lesson, locale with warmth, charm or respect". Pauly's book, in recognizing the features of Kazan's work which provoke criticism of the kind, nevertheless analyzes the work like *Streeter* in a way that we can see how far Manny Farber's mark, and encourages us to its sympathetic discussions, in its fresh look at films like *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, *East of Eden*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Ten and Ten* and *Sympathy for the Devil*. We do so, under Pauly's guidance, will discover a fallible human being, a gifted artist collaborating with artists - script-writers and playwrights, enumerators, designers and producers - to project a distinctive vision of life by means proper to the cinema, and which is the theatre. The vision of the Pauly's novels, is never unrelated to social development and the culture of the time, long ago, maybe, but it is here, in the voice which proclaims its own Americanized name from the beginning of the beginning of *America* is that of a genuine poet, and in Thomas H. Pauly's book the author has found a fair-minded and justifiably sympathetic interpreter.

A recent special issue of *Journal for the Interdisciplinary Study of Literature* is devoted to the subject of "Film/Literature" and the subject's contributions are almost equally divided between American and European cultures. The issue, guest-edited by George E. Toles (XV/1-2, Spring 1983, 217pp. University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Canada), contains an essay by the late George E. Toles, a collaboration with James M. Cain, Raymond Chandler and Billy Wilder in the making of *Double Indemnity*; "Reading the Early Play: 'Reading the Early Play' by Francois Truffaut," by Peter H. R. Brown; "The short story as a brief love affair," by Antoinette J. Truffaut; and a note on the story, its indebtedness to Jean Cocteau, its importance to an understanding of the adventures of *Antoine Doinel*, and "Antoine Doinel," by David Gledhill. Mann, by David Gledhill, begins "arrestingly" Bergman's words "Film has nothing to do with literature."

CINEMA

So damned sarcastic

Michael Wood

GERALD MAST

Howard Hawks, Storyteller
406pp. Oxford University Press.
£16.50.
019 503091 5

The most casual listing of even a few Howard Hawks films will indicate the problem he poses for critics. Can the director of *Scarface*, *Bringing Up Baby*, *The Big Sleep*, *Rio Bravo* and *Hunter* have anything resembling an identity as a film-maker? What does Cary Grant chasing a leopard have to do with Humphrey Bogart sipping bourbon or John Wayne being embarrassed by Angie Dickinson? Can Hawks really have been anything other than a Hollywood journeyman, ready to turn his hand to whatever the industry was looking for? It is quite true, as Gerald Mast writes, that we cannot tackle the notion of genre in American films without referring to several Hawks films, which in many ways define the western, the gangster film, the screwball comedy, the film noir. But this versatility makes Hawks seem invisible, a superior mechanic, hardly a director at all.

There is a short answer to these questions. Hawks had skill, intelligence and tact enough for several serious artists, and the films speak for themselves. If we can't roll them together to produce a single author or vision of the world, so much the worse for authors and critics. For example, answer would cite details of Hawks's call - like his rare use of close-ups, the extraordinary authority he gives to long shots, the consistent underplaying of scenes that almost anyone else would milk for every tear or gag or

meaning - would look at Hawks's preferred patterns of human relation - a man with a drunk, Hawks said to Joseph McBride, "such a great relationship" - and would seek to decide, not whether a composite author can be constructed, but whether Hawks, in one film or in several, ever gets beyond his bright, obvious mastery of the medium. What sort of claims do we really want to make for him?

This second answer is in large part what Mast attempts, although his emphasis is different from mine, and he is determined to make heavy weather of the job. His very defence of Hawks often looks like attacks, desperate shots at his own goal. Gangsters, he says for instance, must "think of their victims as objects, not as people" and this is the way Hawks represents victims in his films. "Such playful reductions", Mast continues, may well seem "socially unacceptable" to some of us. In this case, we shall not like *Scarface* in particular or Hawks in general.

If this is what Hawks was doing it would be worse than socially unacceptable, and we should be right not to like him. What he is doing, as Mast himself clearly shows, is to replace people by objects, making the objects metaphors. A bowling-pin goes down as an unseen man dies. This is a way of respecting people rather than reducing them; the objects take the punishment. If Mast thinks the reverse, I don't see how he can be so cheerful; nor do I see how treating people as objects can be "playful" in any sense. A cartoon, for example, works by treating drawn creatures not as animals but as drawn creatures: they can be smashed and reassembled by the pen and the camera.

Mast is very conscious of the problem of Hawks's identity, finds his

work apparently "less distinctive" than that of Ford, Capra, Hitchcock, Lubitsch, Sturges, Wilder, DeMille. "Is the storyteller of *Red River* related to the storyteller of *The Big Sleep* or *Bringing Up Baby*?" Mast has which is hinted at in the last quotation: the storyteller is the same, even when the stories are different. Another is to insist on the ostensible ease of Hawks's work as a form of strenuous achievement, like Fred Astaire's dancing: "the perfectly easy... is never easy". The trouble with both of these solutions is that they acknowledge Hawks's craft - has anyone ever denied it? - without asking what the craft is for. This is the theme of Mast's third, most ambitious, solution: there is an "implicit moral" in Hawks's films, which causes differences and makes the work a whole. "It is not possible for a Hawks film to be more or less of a Hawks film, more or less 'Hawksian'".

The system at times seems fairly minimal, a vague recognition of a couple of the commandments. "When a man's death... occurs because of another man's childish and selfish action, that other man is indeed morally responsible, guilty of a crime." I believe this is called manslaughter. At other times Mast retreats into the gnostic, an oracular tene which sounds rather like pieces of Hemingway eaten by the word-processor:

That is the sense that this narrative makes for those who sense that it makes sense - as much sense as any Hawks film does, in the way that Hawks films make sense, and about the matters about which they wish to make sense.

Mast looks at the way stories are told in films. Hawks uses cinema so subtly, Mast rightly claims, that "many critics who talk about cinema find little to say

about Hawks". He then looks at the way stories suggest values, and settles down to investigate nine films in detail: *Scarface*, *Only Angels Have Wings*, *Bringing Up Baby*, *Monkey Business*, *Twentieth Century*, *His Girl Friday*, *To Have and Have Not*, *The Big Sleep*, *Red River*. The discussion is often plodding - "Hawks frequently relies on the telephone for narrative purposes", "fun" is "that all-important word of vitality" - but Mast has done his homework, been through script revisions and different cuts of particular films. He has good things to say about *Scarface* and understands how the obscurity of *The Big Sleep* becomes part of its haunting effect. No one knows what is happening in this film, least of all its shrewd but bewildered protagonists. This is the uncertain country Bogart and Bacall must pick their way through.

The moral system that Mast finds in Hawks seems to be just a set of adages and working assumptions. We've all got a moral system in this sense, and if we are film-makers, it will come out in the films. The question then will be, not whether the system is there, but whether it is of any interest. Here is what Mast makes of Hawks. "People reveal themselves in action not in words"; vocations are important; "To move itself to be alive"; "You're only old when you forget you're young"; the "alternative private world" created in Hawks films "is always more exciting and more interesting than the normal public one where everyone else lives"; many oppositions (male/female, work/play, love/friendship, human/animal) are false, conceal a secret unity or parity.

Some of these items are more compelling than others, but what the collection suggests is that Hawks simply gave a personal accent to the standard wisdom of his time. The last principle, about oppositions, is the most striking, and Hawks obviously did believe that friendship is stronger than love, or perhaps a love. This is worth thinking about. On the other hand, the idea that work is play is a form of sentimentalism, the delusion of privileged people, and it is one that Mast's Hawks, with his especial enthusiasm. We don't have to decide, he says, between love and duty; as Begart does in *Casablanca*. On the contrary, *As in To Have and Have Not*, "the professional and the personal will become one". Mast goes on to

explain that "having one's cake and eating it too" is the wholesome alternative to the "facile and deceptive" notion that eating one's cake might prevent one from having it. I can see that this is an attractive theory for people who don't like to give up their cake, but the moral system becomes a lark, and *Casablanca*, romantic as it is, is plainly the less wishful of the two films in this respect.

Elsewhere Mast lops away again at the branch he is sitting on. "A person with a vocation necessarily repeats it, to be good at a vocation is to have the energy, the will and the love to do it over and over again, always a little bit different but always the same." Hawks's enemies couldn't have put it better: he made films the way an eager gardener mows the lawn.

This is where my emphasis is different. Hawks's films are always a little bit the same but always quite different, and it is the difference that matters. He offers not a moral system but a disquietingly intelligent look at the world, and at his best he leaves us not with recommended values but with perhaps unanswerable questions. Cary Grant, divorced from Rosalind Russell in *His Girl Friday*, doesn't want her to marry again, even loves her in his way, and says, without a trace of contrition, "I intended to be with you on our honeymoon, honest I did". He is a newspaperman, and his work is his life. Aneline thoughts about vocations, or work and play, here turn into restless comic anxiety. What do you do with a man like this? It may be that the answer is to marry him again, as Rosalind Russell does, but this would mean a bleak acceptance of the unalterability of the inextinguishable mixture of charm and impossibility in the man you love - and not, as most unkindly suggests, Russell's earned come-uppance for believing she could ever leave Grant and his world.

It seems to me possible to dislike some of Hawks's films and their implications while admiring others very much, and while respecting the restrained authority with which even the director's voice is heard. Hawks used to tell John Ford that he was "corny". "Well," Ford would reply, "you're as damned sarcastic." There is a dignity, even a morality, in that sarcasm, and we must be careful not to rescue Hawks from it.

Mace Windu and how he grew

Tom Shippey

DALE POLLOCK

Skywalking: The Life and Films of George Lucas
306pp. Elm Tree Books. £9.95.
0241 110343

Star Wars looked as if it had been created by a computer programmed by market research. Set in another galaxy and long ago, maybe, but it is here, in the voice which proclaims its own Americanized name from the beginning of the beginning of *America* is that of a genuine poet, and in Thomas H. Pauly's book the author has found a fair-minded and justifiably sympathetic interpreter.

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when success was assured, they sold the rights to all *Star Wars* toys in perpetuity to Kenner Toys - who, if they did no other trade at all, would still be the fifth largest toy manufacturer in the world. In Dale Pollock's rather obvious demology, this all goes to show how one man had faith in his hero. But makes one wonder sometimes whether anyone is manning vital desks at all.

Actually, a lot of the incompetence seems to emanate from George Lucas himself, who apparently rarely had any idea what he was doing. Han Solo started off as a green monster with gills; the robots began as human bureaucrats; Luke Skywalker had a big brother all the way through filming but lost him at the editing stage; and until early on set Skywalker was called Sturdler. As for the much-rejected initial draft of the whole concept, it began, Pollock tells us, with the riveting declaration that the film would tell "the story of Mace Windu, a revered Jedi-bendu of Opuchi who was related to Uby C. J. Thape, padawan learner to the famed Jedi".

How could a smash hit emerge from such unscripturable rubble? Mr Pollock, it must be said, has no hope of answering this question directly. He is writing a rags-to-riches epic, and the subject of money and finance, while Lucas comes over as an endearingly parallel to Dickens, best under pressure, obviously writing about himself, fascinated by family traumas to the point of making most of his characters related, and completely on top of the technology of his time. The real reason for the *Star Wars* success may just be Lucas's editing skills; or his grip of special effects; or even more plausibly the monomania with which he controlled hundreds of actors, cameramen, musicians, "computer herds", and men who recorded dinnamons and walruses to get stink to a single line. Perhaps you have to believe in the force to do it; and perhaps there's no harm in these ganks, innovative, cliché-twisting films after all. But (Pollock's book makes one wonder) if the John Wayne ethos of *America Vietnam*, what could George Lucas's soft-boiled success say? What could the Force be for its new generation?

Star Wars and its sequels may not be formulas, then, but they could be formulas, just the same. This sounds dismaying once more. If George Lucas speaks to a mass sensibility, what is that mass sensibility wanting to hear? That you can have your cake and eat it, apparently. According to Pollock, the message of Lucas's films is that "technology cannot replace mankind and that 'the human element must

ultimately prevail". It's true that the blonde Dag Vader is unmasked, and that the robots and droids are kept subservient throughout. However Vader remains the most popular character in the trilogy, and in any case the single most important element in the films' success is precisely their exploitation of machines: land-speeders, sandcrawlers, All-Terrain Armoured Transports, TIE fighters, Star Destroyers, and all the rest of them. So, *Star Wars* seems to tell us, you can play with war machines as much as you like; because in a pinch they will always lose out to the Force.

What's more, you can kill people off and make them come alive again, get your own way and be a nice guy, call yourself a liberal and ignore blacks and women, study anthropology and have no idea about how anyone else might think. All these resolved contradictions appear deeply embedded in *Skywalking* or in *Star Wars*, and none of them is noticed by biographer or subject.

It is surprising, in view of the omniscience of this cocooned California self-righteousness, that it doesn't have a worse effect. However, Pollock is genuinely fascinated on the subject of money and finance, while Lucas comes over as an endearingly parallel to Dickens, best under pressure, obviously writing about himself, fascinated by family traumas to the point of making most of his characters related, and completely on top of the technology of his time. The real reason for the *Star Wars* success may just be Lucas's editing skills; or his grip of special effects; or even more plausibly the monomania with which he controlled hundreds of actors, cameramen, musicians, "computer herds", and men who recorded dinnamons and walruses to get stink to a single line. Perhaps you have to believe in the force to do it; and perhaps there's no harm in these ganks, innovative, cliché-twisting films after all. But (Pollock's book makes one wonder) if the John Wayne ethos of *America Vietnam*, what could George Lucas's soft-boiled success say? What could the Force be for its new generation?

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Beyond this Boundary

Beyond this boundary, my friend,
there are no maps no roads
and from the spellbound hamlet
in the forest clearing - 17 houses
silent and expectant, anders raised
over doorposts - there is no return.

I live there still. In the chloes
the dancing feet are silent.
A single monk, aged 85, brother
of the duke, lives alone in splendour.
He lets down a key in a bucket.
Pray where does this lead to?

At Friedentrass 13, the dead
sleep under a voltage of blue bells;
it is always time for vesper.
Beyond the seven piers and the river
rush, the cathedral spinnrows
sing Monteverdi. Madly o madly.

These are ley lines. Also
the magic flute and the song
of the woodbird; 7 deer concealed
in the field of swaying corn;
the lady on the lonely hill
remembering a former time.

Time's wind blows. But what
is left in its wake is stubborn
and persistent: emblems
of an undying enchantment.
Only keep your head well down
alert for the talitale signs.

Kevin Crossley-Holland

Christopher Hitchens

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charismatic personality of its leader (and founder), Andreas Papandreu, and in the way in which he has used his unchallenged control over the party to promote the interests of his immediate family (his son, son-in-law and American wife all have important posts in the government or party) or old cronies.

The Grothusen volume will long remain an indispensable tool for the serious student of contemporary Greece. Yet most readers will acquire a greater feel for what makes Greece tick, or fail to tick, as the case may be, by a greater sense of the quite astonishing rate of social and economic change that has characterized the past three decades, together with a fuller understanding of the cultural and institutional constraints against modernization, from books such as Nicos Mouzialis' *Modern Greece: Faces of Underdevelopment* (1978) and W. H. McNeill's *The Metamorphosis of Greece since World War II* (1978).

One of the most potent aspects of Papandreu's electoral appeal has been his promise to break the cycle of dependency that has characterized external relations since the emergence of the Greek state. Inevitably, relations with the United States, which in 1947 assumed from Great Britain the mantle of Greece's principal external patron, have loomed very large since the election, and the tortuous negotiations over the future of the American bases have only just ended. The visceral anti-Americanism of many Greeks across the political spectrum is not always easy for the outsider to comprehend. For this reason Theodore A. Couloumbis and John C. Iatrides, *Greek American Relations: A Critical Review* is a useful account of this critical relationship in the post-war world. American insensitivity to Greek aspirations – Lyndon Johnson once told the Greek ambassador in Washington that Greece was a flea on the arse of an elephant (the United States) – culminating in their support of the Cretan dictatorship of the Colonels, goes a long way towards explaining the upsurge of anti-American feeling after the downfall of the military régime in 1974.

An interesting development during the past ten years has been the emergence of the so-called "Greek lobby" in the United States Congress. This appears not to have resulted from electoral pressure exerted by Americans of Greek descent (num-

bering perhaps as many as a million and a quarter) as these for the most part are not compactly settled. Rather the power, such as it is, of the Greek lobby results from the rise to positions of considerable political influence of a significant number of Greek-Americans (besides Spiro Agnew), in itself a reflection of the growing affluence and astonishing level of achievement of the Greek-American community.

Charles Moskos's *Greek Americans: Struggle and Success* admirably complements Theodore Saloutos's magisterial *Greeks in the United States* (1964) and is particularly useful in documenting the consequences of the second great migration of Greeks to the United States after the ending of the quota system in 1953 (the first was between 1890 and 1912). Between 1966 and 1971, some 15,000 Greeks entered the country annually. As befits a sociologist, Moskos is particularly interesting on social mobility and its political consequences. It is salutary to be reminded that not only was it a Greek-American (Nick the Greek) who played for the highest bet in the history of stud poker (\$797,000) but also that it was another, Dr. George Papanicolaou, the centenary of whose birth is being marked this year, who has been responsible for saving the lives of women in their tens of thousands through the "Pap smear". No doubt Moskos is right in saying that Greek-Americans have yet to make their mark on sport, although surprisingly he makes no mention of the baseball superstar Micky Mantle (Mantolopoulos).

Moskos claims that Astoria in the Borough of Queens in New York, with 60,000–70,000 Greeks, is the largest Greek settlement outside Greece or Cyprus. But strong contenders for this title must surely be London, with its huge Greek Cypriot community, whose structure and particularly whose politics have not yet been adequately studied, and Melbourne in Australia.

Greeks, after Italians, now constitute the second largest non-English-speaking migrant group in Australia. Between 1947 and 1966 almost 150,000 Greek migrants entered the country, a very significant element in that massive influx of South Europeans that has helped undermine the tradition of Anglo-conformity. To the pioneering study *Greeks in Australia* (1975), edited by Charles Price, has been added more recently Gillian Bottomley's *After the Odyssey: A Study of Greek Australians*, which focuses on a sample of second-

generation migrants in Sydney. It is interesting to note that early Greek migrants to Australia encountered the same kinds of prejudice that greeted their compatriots in the United States. The recommendation of a Royal Commissioner appointed by the Queensland government in the 1930s was that Greek migration be absolutely prohibited, on the ground that the Greeks constituted a menace to the community in which they settled, calls to mind the denunciation by Utah newspapers during the First World War of Greeks as the "scum of Europe". Ms Bottomley's book is full of fascinating insights into the mores of the present community. We learn, for instance, that the going rate for the dowry of a girl wishing to marry a doctor or barrister even in 1971 was Australian \$20,000.

The history of the Greek diaspora in modern times has barely begun to be written and barely areas of the historical experience of the modern Greeks await their chronicler, notably the history of that very large majority of Greeks that remained under Ottoman rule after the emergence of the independent state in the 1830s, not to mention the study of minorities within Greece itself: Turks, Slavophones, Vlachs, Catholics and Jews. A welcome recent contribution in this last direction is Marc D. Angel's *The Jews of Rhodes: The History of a Sephardic Community*, a community like those elsewhere in Greece that was virtually wiped out during the occupation.

If great lacunae remain, none the less within Greece itself historical research is undergoing a major

C. M. WOODHOUSE
Karamanlis: The Restorer of Greek Democracy
298pp. Oxford University Press.
£19.50.
0 19 82258-9

THANOS VEREMIS and OYSEAS DEMETRAKOPOULOS (Editors)
Meletima gyro apo ton Venizelo kal tin epikhi tou
720pp. Athens: Ekdoseis Philippoti.

KLAUS-DETLEV GROTHUSEN and others (Editors)
Schöckel Europa-Handbuch: Band III, Griechenland
770pp. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht. DM 211.
3 525 36202 1

transformation. Many of the older generation of historians, and not a few of the younger, remain obsessed with the publication of "monographs", but recent years have seen the publication of a number of important works of synthesis and a welcome, and long overdue, emphasis on social and economic history, which are now mercifully free of the "subversive" connotations they carried in the 1930s and 1940s. A good example of these new directions is Yannis Koliopoulos's *Stasis: I kentriki Ellada sta mesa tou 19m aionu*, a fascinating study of brigandage and its political ramifications during the nineteenth century.

Curiously, no satisfactory one-volume history of Greece has yet been published in the country. But Apostolos Vakalopoulos, one of the ablest of the older generation of Greek historians, is engaged in writing a *History of Modern Hellenism (Istoria tou Neou Ellinismou)* on a monumental scale. This undertaking has now reached Volume Six (the first two volumes have been translated into English). The latest volume covers the crucial early years of the War of Independence and reflects the merits of earlier volumes in the series, namely a massive foundation of erudition and the refreshing absence of a conceptual framework. But despite the fact that Koliopoulos takes over 1,000 pages to cover the years 1822–25, he still fails to provide a wholly convincing analysis of the intermeccum strife that accompanied the bitterly fought war against the Turks, just as the preceding, and almost equally massive, Volume Five, covering the years 1813

THEODORE A. COULOUMBIS and JOHN C. IATRIDES (Editors)
Greek American Relations: A Critical Review
264pp. New York: Pella Publishing Company.
0 918618 17 7

CHARLES C. MOSKOS, JR
Greek Americans: Struggle and Success
162pp. Prentice-Hall.
0 13 365098 7

GILLIAN BOTTOMLEY
After the Odyssey: A Study of Greek Australians
208pp. University of Queensland Press.
0 7022 1399 3

to 1822, fails satisfactorily to explain exactly why the struggle for independence broke out when it did.

The curse of *progonopoleia* – ancestoritis weighs particularly heavily on Greece and the study of history in all too often been harassed by the pursuit of the country's national claims. Not surprisingly, despite its intense and refreshing interest in the world about them, the generally of Greeks are often ignorant of their own recent history. Lately, however, there have been encouraging signs that the revolution which is transforming the academic study of Greece's modern history is beginning to filter down to the popular level. Recent years have seen the publication not only of some impressive school text-books but also of notable efforts in the field of popularization. The fifteen-volume *Istoria tou Ellinikou Ethnos* (History of the Greek Nation), two volumes of which have been translated into English, is a case in point. Superbly illustrated, the volumes cover the history of Greece from prehistoric times until 1941 (significantly omitting the war and post-war periods). The volumes dealing with the modern period are uneven in quality but some, such as Volume Eleven, covering the period from 1669 to 1821, are first-class examples of *humble vulgarization*.

Greece is by no means unique as a country that has experienced profound change in understanding and in coming to terms with its past. If much remains to be done, none the less over the past two or three decades Modern Greek historical studies have attained the "take-off" stage of the development.

MARC D. ANGEL
The Jews of Rhodes: The History of a Sephardic Community
200pp. New York: Sepher-Hermon Press.
0 87203 072 5

YANNIS KOLIOPOULOS
Istoria tou Neou Ellinismou: I megali elliniki epianastasi (1821–1829)
Volume 5. Oi proypotheseis kat' a vuseis tis (1813–1822). 844pp.
Volume 6. I kentriki krisi (1822–1825). 1166pp.
Thessaloniki.

APOSTOLOS E. VAKALOPOULOS
Istoria tou Neou Ellinismou: I megali elliniki epianastasi (1821–1829)
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Volume 6. I kentriki krisi (1822–1825). 1166pp.
Thessaloniki.

ART HISTORY

Forms of luxuriance

David Freedberg

R. A. D'HULST

Jacob Jordaens
Translated by P. S. Falla
384pp, with 64 colour and 170 black-and-white illustrations. Sotheby Publications. £47.50.
0 85667 119 3

Of the great trio of seventeenth-century Flemish artists, Jordaens remains the most inaccessible to modern taste. We pardon Rubens for occasional infelicities in drawing because of the evident success of pictorial effect; van Dyck's nervous refinement of handling seems peculiarly suited to the subjects and sitters he portrays; but in the case of Jordaens it is difficult to find any of these qualities so easily redeem his two more famous peers. We admire the first and are engaged by the second; but the robustness of the third frequently seems to verge on the vulgar. It seems hard to find terms of praise and easy to be critical; and we forget precisely those criteria of energetic and lively action, vivid colour and luxuriant female flesh – beside which even the forms of Rubens appear restrained – that ensured the popularity of a painter who continued to enjoy extensive patronage for almost forty years after the deaths of Rubens and van Dyck. Where the three artists may be seen together, as in the Dominican Church of St Paul in Antwerp and in the Augustinian church of Rubens's incontestable superiority of Rubens in these works demonstrates the extent of his ambition in the characteristically powerful modulation of lessons he had learnt from Rubens and as a result of his trip to Italy; but Jordaens, particularly in the "Martyrdom of St Apollonia" from St Augustine seems to averst the bounds of tolerable decorum. The work embodies much of what we find troubling in him: an all too crowded scene, unnecessary and abundant foregrounding, frenetic gesturing (even the improbably mobile statue seems to gesticulate aimlessly), the oddly grotesque moment, and above all the blatant central action: in this case the simultaneous wrenching of the martyr's hair and the horrible extraction of her teeth.

In this new book on Jordaens – the first full-length study of the paintings since the monographs of Buschman and Rooses of eighty years ago – the dogma of Jordaens studies remains altered to the shortcomings of the artist; indeed, there are moments of asperity, particularly when it comes to the stilted and often schematized late style. Not for D'Hulst an uncritical readiness to excuse the failings of the artist to whom

he has devoted the best part of a life; he is quite clear about what he does not like. This unsentimental attitude is refreshing, though as a historian he might have found space for a more positive evaluation of those qualities which for so long sustained Jordaens's position in both the local and the international market. The death of Rubens in 1640 and of van Dyck in 1641 allowed Jordaens (who had in any case always been a little cheaper than the other two) to capture an even larger share of both markets; but this fact alone cannot account for the allure and popularity of his work.

To a certain extent the answer is evident from the excellent body of illustrations which accompanies this book; and no one is in a better position than D'Hulst to provide a comprehensive survey of the great variety of subject matter that the artist produced. Jordaens painted a whole range of themes that were never attempted by either Rubens or van Dyck, above all the representation of Flemish proverbs and scenes from country life, idealized but still recognizably local. In this respect he provides the ethnographic link between Peter Bruegel the Elder and Jan Steen, the two most genial recorders of folk practices and habits on either side of the Mass.

Rubens in particular, but also van Dyck, undertook designs for tapestries; but Jordaens was unquestionably the premier Flemish tapestry designer of his century. In his compositions for this most expensive form of pictorial decoration, he produced charming representations of agricultural and rural life; he also

capitalized on the fashion for riding-school scenes, as well as treating a range of mythological and historical stories that, as testimony to his inventiveness, are a result of his designs done in a striking watercolour technique not used by either van Dyck or Rubens – Flemish tapestry-makers were to enjoy a brilliant renaissance, exporting sets through a tightly organized network of dealers whose records are unusually well preserved and which D'Hulst exploits to illuminating purposes here.

The representation of proverbs and popular fables begins at an early stage in Jordaens's career, notably with the story of the Satyr and the Peasant (the Satyr thinks the Peasant is a magician, since he can blow both hot and cold – he blows on his hands to warm them, and on his soup to cool it; the Satyr is astonished and takes fright at such wizardry). Then in the 1630s come the numerous variations on the theme of Twelfth Night ("The King Drinks", "As the Old Sing, so the Young Twitter" and so on). All these themes are frequently repeated – there can have been no shortage of customers for them – and we find them again in Jan Steen. In his twenties and thirties Jordaens painted a series of works, around a central idea of fertility and fruitfulness, in which the male female nudes feature prominently and largely; it is as if he were here trying to outdo Rubens. These, however, were later to be dropped in favour of the more clearly grotesque subjects. Only occasionally in the later work, as in the Stockholm painting of King Canaules allowing his favourite Gyges to spy on the beauty of his wife (1646), does he

revert to the massive female forms of the earlier years.

The study of Jordaens, like that of Rubens, has not been free of controversy, sometimes acrimonious. But the present monograph may be taken as a definitive assessment of the present view of the paintings. It is not a *catalogue raisonné*; but D'Hulst is disarmingly candid about this, in both the pragmatic and the critical sense. He writes in his preface:

My original intention to make a complete *catalogue raisonné* has been carried out only in respect to [sic] his drawings (1974); as regards his other works, the task has proved too great, and must be taken over by younger scholars. The paintings produced in different versions by his studio assistants, and the later copies, are too numerous for me to list and describe with any approach to completeness. Moreover, the poor quality of many of these works has in a sense discouraged me from efforts which would, I believe, have been out of proportion to the value of the results.

The book presents a larger number of Jordaens's paintings than ever before; some, unfortunately, are left unillustrated, occasionally making the discussion difficult to follow. This is a pity, since D'Hulst is especially good on Jordaens's repeated use of the same head studies in different works, and on the constant reutilization of motifs – and subjects – from earlier paintings. A clear picture of Jordaens's own approach to painting emerges, and the biographical information is satisfyingly full, especially with respect to his

Calvinist affiliation. This fact must remain central to any assessment of his secular themes, as well as some of the religious ones. One aspect of D'Hulst's analysis which seems weak is his persistent attempt to attribute moralizing meanings to mythological subjects. Although the attempt is clearly justified with many of the proverb and fable pictures, it is far less so with the classical ones. Influenced by the modern approach to interpreting Dutch genre paintings, D'Hulst constantly invokes the emblematic works of writers like Jacob Cats, and the allegorical renderings of Carel van Mander's oddly outdated *Commentary on Ovid's Metamorphoses*, almost every time he encounters a mythological subject. When it comes to the paintings of the Rape of Europa, for example, he suggests the following passage from van Mander as a *clavis interpretantis*:

Europa, seated on the bull's back, and gazing back towards land as she is carried out to sea, signifies the soul of man, which is carried by the body through the sea of this world's troubles, and she gazes fervently from afar towards the shore from which she came, that is to say God her Creator.

It is of course impossible to say that no contemporary viewer would have thought of this high-minded gloss on the story, but we may be fairly certain, from the abundant comparative evidence, that their appeal lay out in the evocation of any such complex significances, but in the lush nudes and marvellously painted cattle. Subjects like the Rape of Europa offered the opportunity to depict just such things.

Everything about Jordaens's art and personality suggests aims that are vastly removed from the slightly pretentious and by then old-fashioned moralistic reading of classical mythology provided by the learned van Mander. Jordaens's intentions and the response of most of his audience were based on a wholly different set of assumptions and attitudes; to the poses implied by the overly spiritualized interpretations of what we regard as early, never were the more robust scenes of Meleager and Atlanta, Metcure and Argus, Philemon and Baucis, Apollo and Marryas – but all of these D'Hulst proposes to subsume within the lofty moralizing mode fashionably taken from Cats and van Mander. For the rest, however, this book is a worthy successor to the four-volume *catalogue raisonné* of the drawings which D'Hulst published in 1974. It becomes the best modern introduction to the artist and by far the most complete treatment of his work. Neither Rubens nor van Dyck have received so comprehensive a survey of their art and lives, at least not since Evers's outdated monograph of over forty years ago.

Where the bora blows

Norman Stone

F. FÖLKEL and C. L. CERGOLY

Trieste Provincia Imperiale: Splendore o tramonto del porto degli Asburgo
291pp. Milan: Bompiani, L18,000.

The *Karst*, or, in Italian, *Carso*, is a barren, mountainous region on the northern Adriatic. Its name is said to come from an old Celtic root, meaning "rock" (no doubt the same root gives us "Cairngorms"). The chief port, and city, of the *Karst* is Trieste. Its name was once a centre of nationalist disputes. Some people imagined that it was of Celtic origin; other people said, much more plausibly, that it came from the *carapole*, *Trag*, meaning "market". World (New York in Poland, or Trieste in Yugoslavia). In Roman times, the place was called "Tergeste". It is known for one of those vicious, depressing winds which, like the *Föhn* or the *Mistral*, is blamed for nervous troubles, and which causes examinations to be cancelled. Its name, *bora*, is clearly of Slavonic origin (*bura* is the Russian for "storm"). For Trieste was an Italian city, built on Slav land.

In that it resembled many of the Adriatic ports that were governed, directly or indirectly, by the Venetian empire. But with Trieste, there was a difference. It had reasonably good connections with Central Europe – the Jonzo led straight towards Austria and the lands of the Habsburgs, and even in the early fourteenth century, the people of Trieste accepted Austrian rule, so as to spite the Venetian rivals. The lordships of Trieste and Gradisca, and the *beprinoipalid*

country" (*gefürstete Grafschaft*) or *Görz* (or *Görz*) came at the end of the vast list of Habsburg titles.

In the eighteenth century, when the Habsburgs were consolidating their possessions, Trieste boomed. A road was constructed over the Semmering between Vienna and Trieste, which was proclaimed a free port and thus, like Leghorn in Tuscany, prospered because it broke the mercantile monopolies of other, decaying, Italian ports. It attracted immigrants who knew the Levant trade – Chiot or Dodecanese Greeks, the Scaramangas, Baldassis or Bejaoulus, whose descendants sometimes passed into the Austrian aristocracy. In the nineteenth century, in the age of steamships and railways, Trieste grew into a city of almost a quarter-of-a-million people, almost entirely dependent on one way or another on the foreign trade of the Habsburg Monarchy (James Joyce taught English in the local Berlitz for many years). Maritime insurance flourished; the maritime Adriatic of St Mark's, with its huge building near the *Venezia* Quay and Lloyd's Trieste, dominated Austrian business. The Trieste Jews, whose toleration Maria Theresa had encouraged, did well and became prominent in the city. The Vivante, Grassini di Callman Levi, Veneziani and Moravia families were among the *grandes dynasties bourgeois* of Trieste, as happened with *fin-de-siècle* Vienna, there came a peculiar cultural moment in Trieste, when members of well-to-do Jewish families, only two or three generations away from a ghetto that was hundreds of miles away, produced literature of a high order. Zeno Zang (ie, Elio Zang) of the *Zeno* family was the champion of the strange synthesis of the Austrian, Italian and the Jewish. As P. Fökel

shows in this interesting book, he was far from being the only one.

Trieste was a stew-pot of peoples. There were Italian nationalist writers with unmistakably Slavonic names (Scipio Stataper or Gianni Stuparich); there was the Austro-Slavic architect, Max Fabiani, the re-builder of Ljubljana after its earthquake damage in 1895; there was the Slovene musicologist and composer, Mario Cechoj, who took up for a time with Schönberg; there was the Italian nationalist, Oberdan, who tried to assassinate Franz Joseph; there was the subsequent Nazi leader – one of the very worst – "Odilo Lotario Globocnik". The Trieste language was itself a mixture of Venetian and Friulian, with admixtures of contorted *k. und k. Beamtendeutsch*. No wonder Joyce found the city congenial. In more recent days, Trieste was the refuge of Umberto Saba, whom Fökel knew well. It has also produced, as a last favour of its great days, the Quartetto Italiano, whose Beethoven and Schumann I prefer to anyone else's; at least since the days of the Bush Quartet.

Here was a city which, though only tenth the size of Vienna, produced its own strange, Italian version of "Vienna 1900". In Edoardo Weiss, who fascinated Umberto Saba, I even had his own Freud. As with Vienna, there is a feeling of misery to it all: a long list of suicides and would-be suicides (Stuparich's lady, Anna Pulitzer, killed herself in front of a mirror). There is also, as with Vienna, an element of Jewishness; that is both inescapable and indescribable. Pretty well everyone appears to have had some kind of Jewish connection; though it was often rather remote. The main Jewish families often converted to Christianity, or married "out" as they prospered in

the 1870s and 1880s, and of course in the Italian world, which had absorbed Jews for centuries past, the consciousness of a separate Jewishness was much weaker than in the middle-European scene, where mass migration of Jews was much more recent. In Trieste, there were separate *Ladino*, Italian and German synagogues; some of the big Jewish families were sympathetic towards Italian nationalism (of which Emilio Salomone – Treves was an early exponent) while others were straightforwardly *autonome*, like the stiff Venetian tribe into which Svevo married. It was mainly Jews and half-Jews who produced "Trieste 1900". Will anyone ever be able to write a book about all of this which says something serious?

This book, by two well-known Italian Trieste writers, one with a German name (originally, he tells us, "Funkelstein") and the other with a vaguely Slav name, is an old-fashioned piece of writing: evocative and impressionistic. In a *belles-lettres* way reminiscent, in places, of Hermann Broch's *Hofmannsthal und seine Zeit*. Fökel contributes the longer of the two pieces, a mixture of history and evocation. There are some very good passages in this (the new Italy, in the 1870s, "si trovava a dover fronteggiare una situazione nuova con una monarchia vallisiana" e una classe politica fra il provincialismo e il centralismo); and Fökel's picture of Trieste is well worth having, not least because he knew so many of the people who he was writing about. The other hand, he writes about the even met Joyce, and the vast array of names, and remembers the vest of the other hand, takes off into a species of writing which causes reflection that the Italians have not been wholly serious since

1701. He goes on and on about the Austrian army – an excellent subject, but not one for the language of an old-day *Ladino*.

Fökel, echoing earlier writers, says that Trieste has "a face, but not an identity". Its citizens looked contemptuously on the Slavs all around – the *Cicci* as they were called in the old days, because of their consumption of *cicuri*, as they later became, with the *buffa* costumes and clownish speech. This does not prevent Fökel from writing quite sympathetically of the Slovene revival around 1900, he regards the division of the whole area between Italian and Slovene (as *Slav*) as nationalism as a disaster, and he blames poor old Franz Joseph (the Emperor in *via di munitioni*) for it. A whiff of ancient quarrel comes for him. A whiff of ancient quarrel comes when he attacks the Habsburgs for setting up an Italian university in Trieste (it was not established because of Slovene opposition). The Italian with a characteristic Austrian touch got a separate law faculty in Trieste instead, which was meant to cheer up yet more bureaucrats. In the right place when he notes the behaviour of the Italian in 1918: they annexed the city in 1918; they forbade the re-opening of Slovene kindergartens, and under Fascist rule they shamelessly persecuted Slovenes. In the end, the whole area was partitioned into Yugoslavia. A. J. P. Taylor used vainly to tell the "executants" of ornamental plasterwork in an indication of how marginal that art has been here, as elsewhere in Europe, the Italian words "decorative plaster" have been assimilated into the local language. It is true that "stucco" has been accepted into English; but confusingly it is

The charms of incrustation

Alastair Laing

GEOFFREY BEARD

Stucco and Decorative Plasterwork in Europe
224pp, with 165 illustrations, including 16 in colour. Thames and Hudson. £25.
0 500 23361 6

A few years back, to celebrate the restoration of the Lansdowne Tower, photographs of the work in progress and of the craftsmen who carried it out were exhibited on the staircase. One of these, entitled simply "Plasterer", showed a grizzled and weatherbeaten old man. Another, of a handsome youth with a winning smile, was – not implausibly – captioned "Decorative Plasterer". The want of a less ambiguous appellation in English for the "executants" of ornamental plasterwork is an indication of how marginal that art has been here, as elsewhere in Europe, the Italian words "decorative plaster" have been assimilated into the local language. It is true that "stucco" has been accepted into English; but confusingly it is

mostly used to refer to plain exterior composition, or "basted stucco", whereas in every other language it is reserved for ornamental interior work. Geoffrey Beard has adopted the ugly hybrid, "stuccoista", for its practitioners, but having borrowed the straight Italian in one instance, why not then use "stuccador" in the other? What needs to be resisted, on the other hand, is the distinction implied by the title of the book under review and made in the first chapter (though it is not consistently adhered to throughout), between plasterwork and stucco, with pulverized marble as the essential ingredient of the latter. It was true that Vasari thought that this was the recovered secret of Antique stucco, that Thomas Clayton submitted the different estimates for working in the two media; but generally both terms were used indifferently, north of the precision, particularly north of the Alps, where the very word *stucco* came by. The very word *stucco* antedates the Renaissance, and derives from the Lombard *stuhli*, meaning "the kind of stucco" or "incrustation". Lombard derivation is fitting, for it was above all the peripatetic inhabitants of the region around Lake Como, the Comasque descendants of the magistri

conacini, who were to make the craft of stucco their own, and carry it to the furthest ends of Europe. Beard has long placed students of the English country house and its decoration in his debt; with a succession of publications tabling the results of his researches into *Decorative Plasterwork in Great Britain* (1975) and *Plasterwork and Interior Decoration in England 1660–1820* (1981). Would that all the results of his researches were published together, so that Beard on British craftsmen could take its place alongside Colvin's dictionary of architects, Gunns's of sculptors, and Croft-Murray's of decorative painters. *Decorative Plasterwork* in *Great Britain* gave evidence of an admirable, unimpaired curiosity about the filiations abroad of foreign – and especially Comasque – stuccadors working in England, and it is this that has resulted in the present book. Unfortunately, as Beard implicitly recognizes in his introduction, it is no easy thing to convince any publisher, whether here or abroad, of the marketability of a serious overall survey of stucco in Europe. It is no doubt partly because he was mindful of this that what he and Thames and Hudson have given us

here is a glossily-illustrated compilation, which is more of a disjointed ramble through selected buildings in which stucco of very diverse kinds is to be found, with some consideration, not merely of the stuccadors, but also of the architects and decorators that produced them, than a study focusing rigorously upon the stuccadors themselves.

Like *Decorative Plasterwork in Great Britain*, the present book begins with a useful chapter on materials and techniques, and ends with a – here regretably a summary – selection of dictionary of stuccoists and plasterers. The historical survey that lies between these veils between potted excursions into styles and history – luckily not often so far off the rails as the statement that "When Germany emerged gradually from its domination by the Imperial house of Habsburg, and with Germanic civilization flourishing glory in the brilliant court of Emperor Rudolph II" – and descriptions of interiors that Beard intended a more thorough and serious book; the pity is that this one, being asked to produce such a thing for years to come.



St Peter's Church in Vienna, reproduced from Des Alte Europa: Die hohe Kunst des Stadtbildes by Harald Keller (286pp, with 220pp of engravings. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 3 421 02586 X).

